

M I D A S;

A N

English Burletta.

As it is performed, at the

THEATRE-ROYAL,

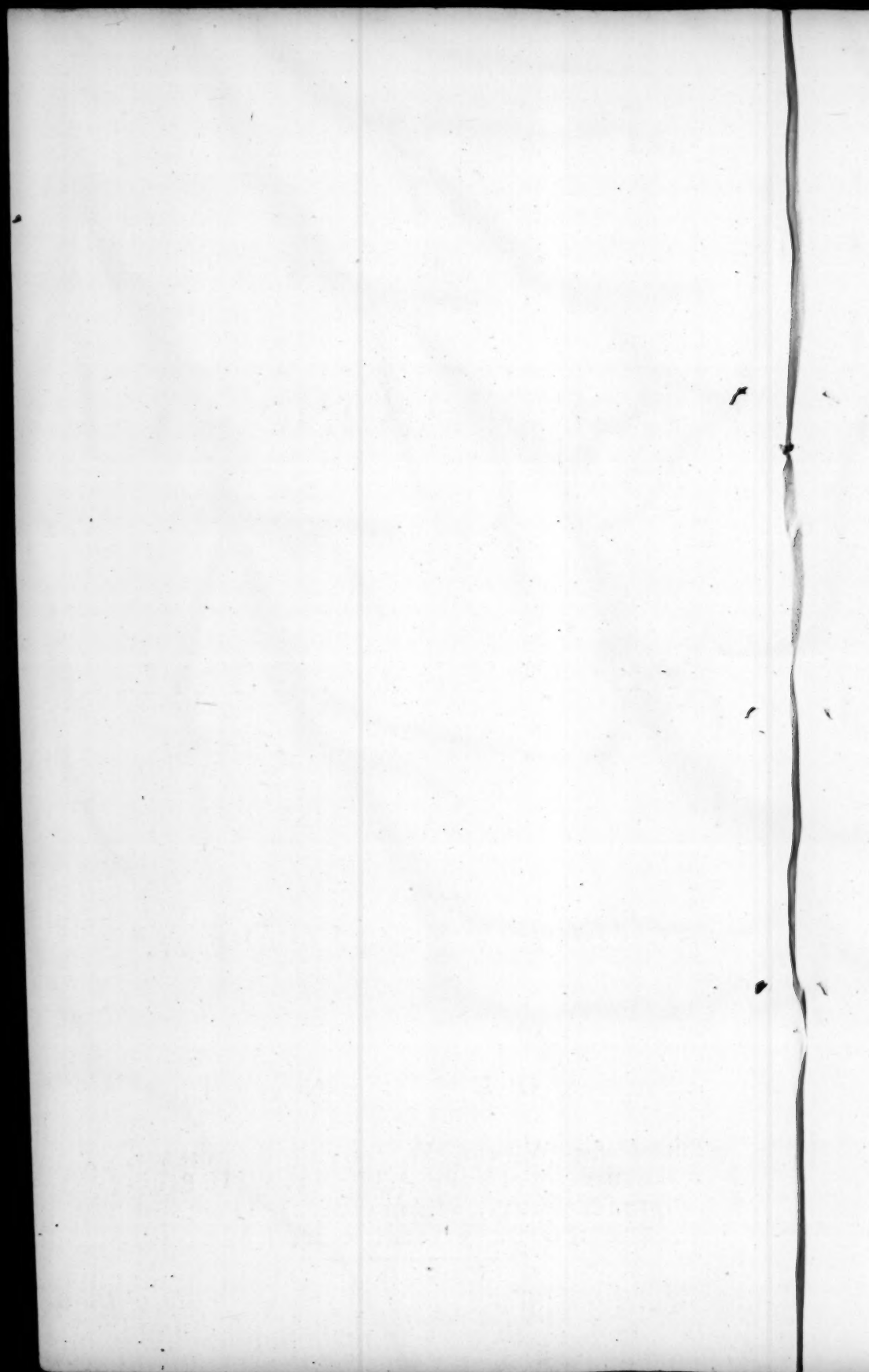
I N

COVENT-GARDEN.

D U B L I N:

Printed for W. and W. SMITH, P. WILSON,
J. EXSHAW, T. DYTON, A. M^c CULLOH, H. SAUN-
DERS, E. WATTS, W. SLEATER, J. HOBY, jun.
J. POTTS, D. CHAMBERLAINE, and J. WILLIAMS.

M,DCC,LXIV.



To the R E A D E R.

THE Editor of the following piece thinks proper to observe, that the first idea of it was conceived, and the plan in some measure executed by a gentleman in Dublin, for the private entertainment of some persons of distinction in that kingdom, at a time, when Italian Burletta's were blended with the exhibitions of the Theatre, and almost triumphed over the best productions in our language. The public spirit of those, for whom it was originally intended, prevailed upon the author to enlarge his design. Accordingly, MIDAS adventured on the stage, and met with uncommon success for a series of nights. The Editor begs leave to add a word concerning the stile which prevails in the following scenes. They are written in the true spirit of the mock-heroic. BURLESQUE, in all times, from the stage of ATHENS down to the DRAGON OF WANTLEY, has been esteemed one of the provinces of the Drama. It's humour principally consists in making dignified personages raise in our minds trite and ordinary ideas, or else in giving to trivial objects a serious air of gravity and importance.

It would be impertinent to point out instances in either way of composition ; but thus much was deemed necessary, that no one should look for another sort of entertainment than was here intended. The public, with their usual candour, will consider the particular scope of this piece, and will decide nothing till they have heard the musick, to which it is adapted. Should MIDAS in the representation be found to have merit, and indeed, excellence in its kind ; the generous critick will allow the author that degree of applause, which his talents seem to deserve.

Dramatis Personæ.

Jupiter,	Mr. <i>Legg.</i>
Juno,	Mrs. <i>Stephens.</i>
Apollo,	Mr. <i>Mattocks.</i>
Momus,	Mr. <i>Dibden.</i>
Mercury,	Mr. <i>Baker.</i>
Pan,	Mr. <i>Dunfall,</i>

Mars,	}	<i>Mutes.</i>
Vulcan,		
Venus,		
Minerva,		
&c, &c.		

M O R T A L S.

Midas,	Mr. <i>Shuter.</i>
Damœtas,	Mr. <i>Fawcett.</i>
Sileno,	Mr. <i>Beard,</i>
Myfis,	Miss <i>Poitier.</i>
Daphne,	Miss <i>Miller.</i>
Nyfa,	Miss <i>Hallam.</i>
Oracle,	Mr. <i>Wayle.</i>

SCENE, *first on mount Olympus, afterwards
on the pastures of Lydia.*



M I D A S.



A C T I.

The curtain rising discovers the Heathen Deities, seated amidst the clouds, in full council: they address Jupiter in chorus, accompanied by all the instruments.

A I R I. King of Prussia's March.

Chorus of all the Gods.

*J*OVE, in his chair,
Of the sky Lord-May'r
With his nods
Men and Gods
Keeps in awe,
When he winks
Heaven shrinks,
When he speaks
Hell squeaks
Earth's globe is but his law.
Cock of the school
He bears despotic rule,
His word
Tho' absurd
Must be law.

A 3

Even 71

Even fate
 Tho' so great,
 Must not prate,
 His bald pate
 Jove would cuff,
 He's so bluff,
 For a straw.
 Cow'd deities
 Like mice, in cheese
 To stir must cease,
 Nor gnaw.

*He dare not say
 please*

RECITATIVE, accompanied.

Jup. (rising.) Immortals, you have heard your
 plaintive sovereign
 And Culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern
 Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
 On our commands? we'll make him an example.
 As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
 We'll make you to your cost, know,—we're your em-
 peror,
 Your husband — when the jealous Gad-bee twitches,
 Swallow your spittle — Jove will wear the breeches.

A I R II. To its own-tune.

To happy ignorance
 Connubial peace is owing:
 'Tis a curse to be too knowing;
 Best let things take their chance.
 A busy curiosity
 Produces endless evils,
 It turns the Gods felicity
 To sharpest pangs of devils,
 Supplying food to jealousy.

RECITATIVE.

Juno (aside.) What new rape is toward? To sixes
 and sevens,
 This tyrant, for it's sake, will jumble the heavens.

I'll take the law. (*to Jup.*) My proctor, with a summons

Shall cite you, sir, t'appear at Doctor's Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from Heaven yon varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot?

Fine scheme! banish the Sun! drive out Apollo!

That you of lawless love, deep draughts may swallow.

You'll then not need, thou grand monarque of Hor-
ners,

Skulk with your misses into holes and corners.

A I R III. Shaan Bwee.

Think not lewd Jove

Thus to wrong my chaste love,

For, spite of your rakebelly godhead;

By day, and by night,

Juno will have her right,

Nor be, of dues nuptial, defrauded.

I'll ferrit the haunts

Of your female gallants,

In vain you in darkness enclose them,

Your favourite jades,

I'll plunge to the shades,

Or into cows metamorphose them.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. Peace, termagant; I swear by Styx—our thunder

Shall hurl him to the earth.

Momus. Sire, we knock under,

Ha, ha, ha, (*Aside*) O jest most precious!

'Twill serve a thousand years hence to refresh us.

I say down with him. Jove—exert your puissance,

Morbleu, the puppy's grown a public nuisance,

Ay, ay, short work—put out the light, and then—

A I R

A I R IV. There was a jovial Beggar:

*No difference of character,
Vice, virtue — idle dreams!
For lewd, or chaste, or foul, or fair,
Must then be only names,
When a sporting all may go, may go, may go, &c.
Screen'd from the husband's jealous eyes,
All love, all free as air,
No wanton need to fear surprize
Oh what a life were there!*

When a sporting, &c.

*Then hey for trumps, for matadores
And rare sansprendre voles,
Old maids will fly, when past amours,
To dear quadrille by shoals,
And a gambling, &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jove. O brave, we nod his doom!
Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience.
Papa—No bowels for your own relations!

R E C I T. Accompanied.

What can this hurly-burly, this helter-skelter mean?
Jove looks confounded furly!—Chaos is come again.

A I R V. To it's own tune.

*Be by your friends advised,
Too barsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts, and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen:
And stagger to some punk.*

R E C I.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Jup. You saucy scoundrel——there, sir——come Disorder,
Down Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no farther.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Roll, thunders, roll, blue lightnings flash around him,
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.

Thunder and lightning. Jupiter darts a bolt at him, he falls.—Jupiter re-assumes his throne, and the Gods all ascend together, singing the initial chorus.

Jove in his chair, &c.

S C E N E.

A Campaign country with a distant village; violent storm of thunder and lightning. Shepherds sleeping in the field are roused by it and run away frightened. One leaves his cloak, hat, and guittar behind him. Apollo is seen whirling in the air, as cast from heav'n; he falls to earth, with a rude shock, and lies for a while, stunn'd: at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and looking upward, speaks.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Apol. Zooks! what a crush! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir—your humble.
Well, down, I am;—no bones broke—tho' sorely pepper'd!

Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do?—turn shepherd.

[Puts on the cloak, &c.]

A lucky thought.—In this disguise, Apollo
No more but *Pol*, the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guittar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

A I R

A I R VI. Hang me if I marry.

*With fun, my disgrace I'll parry
While here on earth, I tarry,
With the nymphs, in my way,
I'll kiss and play,
But hang me if I marry—hang me if I marry
With the nymphs, &c.
Let the sky go to wreck, and miscarry,
Without my luminary,
Pol here will stay,
To kiss and play
To toy, but never marry—toy, but never marry.
Pol here will stay, &c. &c.*

Enter S I L E N O.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sileno. Whom have we here! a sightly clown!—and sturdy!
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy:
Seems out of place—a stranger,—all in tatters,
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters,
—Whence, and what art thou, boy?
Pol. An orphan lad, Sir;
Pol is my name;—a shepherd once my dad, Sir;
I'th' upper parts here—tho' not born to serving.
I'll now take on, for, faith, I'm almost starving.
Sileno. You've drawn a prize i'th' lottery.—So have I too;
Why,—I'm the master you could best apply to.

A I R VII. To it's own tune.

*Since you mean to hire for service
Come with me, you jolly dog,
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the bog.
Fa la la.*

With

M I D A S.

11

*With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef and cabbage,
Butter, milk, and oaten bread.
Fa la la,*

*Come strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home,
And when daily labour's over
We'll all dance to your strum, strum.
Fa la la.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Pol. (aside.) From Nectar, and Ambrosia, 'tis coarse
diet;
When I was well, why could I not be quiet.*

*(After a pause takes Sileno by the hand and sings to
the foregoing air:)*

*Done, strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on, I may fare worse,
Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.*

D U E T T O. Air continued.

*Sil. Do, strike hands; 'tis kind I offer,
Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer,
Sil. Farther seeking you'll fare worse,
Pol. Farther on I may fare worse,
Sil. Pity such a lad, should suffer,
Pol. Zooks, I can no longer suffer,
Sil. Hungry guts, and empty purse,
Pol. Hungry guts, and empty purse.
Fa la la.*

Exeunt, dancing, and singing the chorus.

S I L E

S I L E N O's Farm-House.

Daphne and Nyssa, discover'd running,—their spinning-wheels over-turned.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Daph. But, *Nyssa*, how goes on squire *Midas*' courtship?

Nys. Your sweet *Damætas*, pimp to his great worship Brought me from him a purse;—but the conditions—
—I've cur'd him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! this must blast him with my father.

Nys. Right. So we're rid of the two frights together.

A I R VIII. If'tis joy to wound a Lover.

*If the swain we sigh for press us,
Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
If the fright we loath address us
How delightful 'tis to teize.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daph. Arch Monkey, hang me if I thought 'twas in you.

Well *Ny*—work you your Squire—as for my *Ninny*—
If he shan't curse—then call me driv'ling Gipsy—
The hour that first on *Daph* he cast a sheep's eye.

A I R IX. Mirleton.

*If I cannot plague the lubber,
Now I have him in my crib,
If, when he begins to blubber,
I can't soothe or laugh, or sib,
Doom'd for life, I may be,
To play with my baby,
And to wear a slabb'ring bib.*

Both.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

Myfis enters hastily.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Myf. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever
grinning?
Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning.

A I R X. Three Sheep-skins.

*Girls are known
To mischief prone;
If ever they be idle,
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle:
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
For here they skip, &c.*

*Giddy Maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt Pall mall,
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding.
To ev'ry fop
They're Cock-a-hoop,
And set their mother's madding.
To ev'ry fop, &c.*

Enter Sileno introducing Pol.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sil. Now, dame, and girls, no more let's hear you
grumble
At too hard toil:—I chanc'd, just now, to stumble,
On this stout drudge,—and hir'd him—fit for labour.
B To'm

To'm lad — then he can play and sing and caper.

Myf. He shall not stay — unknown to me to hire him,
A lath!

Sil. Nay there you're out. — no toil can tire him.

Myf. (*putting Pol from Daph.*) Gad's me! your distance, scare-crow! cursed civil!

Beggars once mounted, gallop to the devil.

Gaffer, (*to Sil.*) your blunders every hour surprize one:

This wafhy clout a drudge! — ah, thou'rt a wise one.

Fine rubbish to bring home, a strolling thrummer! (*to Pol.*) What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer.

Nys. Mother, for shame —

Myf. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.

Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you under value.
For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.

Daph. A sad cheat else —

Myf. What you, you jack-a-dandy.

Pol. (*aside.*) Our Gammer, fure, has tipt her whet of stingo!

Am I Apollo, and must bear this lingo?

A I R XI. A tune in Queen Mab.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue :

Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes ?

Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong.

A stranger why will you despise ?

Ply me

Try me

Prove, ere you deny me,

If you cast me

Off, you blast me

Never more to rise.

Pray, goody, please &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Myf. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.

Nys. With what sweet temper he bears all her snub-
bing (*aside.*) *Sil.*

Sil. Oons, no more words—go, boy, and get you dinner. [Exit Pol.]

Fye, why so cross grain'd to a young beginner? [to Myf.]

Nyf. So modest!

Daph. So genteel!

Sil. (to Myf.) Not pert, nor lumpish.

Myf. Would he were hang'd!

Nyf. and Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish?

A I R XII. To the tune of, Non, Non, volette
n'est point trompeuse.

Nyf. Mama, how can you be so ill-natured,
To the gentle handsome swain?

Daph. To a lad, so limb'd, so featur'd,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me
I'm alarm'd on your account:

Sil. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me,
I will rule depend upon't.

Nyf. Ab! ab!

Daph. Mama!

Nyf. and } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,
Daph. } Ab, ab, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd?

Nyf. and } To the gentle, handsome swain

Daph. } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

Nyf. and } Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,

Daph. } To the gentle, handsome swain.

Myf. Girls, for you my fears perplex me,
I'm alarm'd on your accounts.

Sil. Wife, in vain you teize and vex me;
I will rule depend upon't.

Nyf. } Mama

Myf. } Psha! Pshaw!

Daph. } Papa

Sil. } Ab! ab!

Daph. } Mama, how can you be so ill-natur'd,

Sil. } Psha, psha, you must not be so ill-natur'd;

Nyf. } Ab, ab, to a lad so limb'd, so featur'd,

Daph. } *To the gentle, handsome swain,*
 Sil. } *He's a gentle, handsome swain,*
 Nyf. } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*
 Myf. } *'Tis my pleasure to give pain.*
 Daph. } *Sure 'tis cruel to give pain,*
 Sil. } *He's a gentle, handsome swain*
 Nyf. } *To the gentle handsome swain.*
 Myf. } *To your odious, fav'rite swain.*

[Exeunt.]

Squire Midas discovered in his parlour, smoking his pipe, lolling in an easy chair. Damœtas waiting at a respectful distance.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Nyfa, you say, refus'd, the guineas British.

Dam. Ah! please your worship—she is wond'rous skittish.

Out, pimp, said she,—take back to him who sent it, 'That trash—

Mid. Death!—scorn'd!—the minx shall fore repent it.

Dam. She scorns you——

Mid. But when you told her what I meant to settle——

Dam. She flounc'd, you'd swear her tongue was of bell-metal.

Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill, oddsbods—I'll force her——

Dam. The halter——

Mid. As for madam, I'll divorce her.——

Dam. The bishop's-court—lard help your paper noddle!

Did she not give the slip to young Sir Dawale?

Her sister Daphne too, a curse upon her,

Uses me worse, than Nifa does your honour.

Mid. Some favour'd lout incog. our bliss opposes,

Dam. Ay, *Pil*, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.

A I R

A I R XIII. Fanny's fairer than a flower.

*Wretched he, whose pain or pleasure
Hangs on faithless woman's mind;
Such the merchant's state, whose treasure
Swims the sport of tide and wind.
Female likings are unsteady
As the veering weather-cock.
Miss, for new addresses ready
Shifts her lover, like her smock.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. I've heard of that *Pol*'s tricks,—of his sly tampering
To sling poor *Pan*, but I'll soon send him scampering.
An upstart!—rival me!—by George, I'll pheaze him.

Dam. Sir, he bewitches every girl that sees him.

Mid. 'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows!

Where is old *Pan*?

Dam. Tipling, Sir, at th' ale-house.

Mid. Run, fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient—

To rout this *Pol*.

Dam. I fly, (*going returns*) Sir, your obedient. (*Exit.*

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Mid. What boots my being Squire,
Justice of Peace, and Quorum?
Church-warden—knight o'th' thire,
And Custos Rotulorum?

If saucy little *Nysa*'s heart rebellious,
My squireship flights, and hankers after fellows?

A I R XIV. To a French tune, A la Santé du Pere d'Oleron.

*Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes
Dare my amours to cross?*

*Shall a peasant ming, when justice Midas woees
Her nose up at him tofs?*

No, I'll kidnap—then possess her.

*I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange,
So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.*

No, I'll kidnap, &c.

[Exit.

S C E N E. An Ale-house.

Pan. is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco before him, his bagpipes lying by him.

A I R XV. Sheelagh na Guig.

Pan. *Jupiter-wenchies and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky,
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I.*

*Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his hightness a weary life:
I have my lass
And my glass,
And strole a bachelor's merry life.*

*Let him fluster
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbella;
To my fair tulips
I glew lips,
And clink the cannikin here below.*

Jupiter wenchies, &c.

Enter

Enter D A M Œ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dam. There sits the old soaker—his pate troubling
little

How the world wags—so he gets drink and vittle:

Hoa, master Pan!—Gad you've trod on a thistle!

You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.

The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck-ranter,

Tickled by his guittar—they scorn your chanter.

A I R XVI. Tune in Pant. of Fortunatus.

All around the maypole how they trot,

Hot

Pot,

And good ale have got;

Routing,

Shouting,

At you flouting,

Fleering,

Jeering,

And what not.

All around the maypole, &c.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad

Lad,

Glad

To see us sad,

Cap'ring,

Vap'ring,

While Pol, scraping,

Coaxes

The doxies

As he did the dad.

All around the maypole, &c.

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pan. O blood, and guts! What, dare the tinkler
 scurvy
 Intrude, to turn my wenches topsy turvy?
 A fop! chouse me out of my choice trol-lops,
 I'll smash his trim guittar—about his chaps.

A I R XVII. My wife's a galloping, &c.

*Shall he run away with the lasses
 By his trills, and his flurs, and his graces,
 From me who at fairs, and horse-races,
 Have pip'd to the laird of the clan.
 A fribble!—If I can but catch him
 I'll pummel—I'll pinch, and I'll scratch him,
 I warrant I'll make him not match him
 Self as a musician with Pan.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dam. Keep yourself cool, good master Pan——this
 courage
 Is thrown away—Pol's a mere chip in Porridge;
 Softly and fair ——
Pan. You're right;—our Squire, when mellow,
 'Tis he shall do't—he's a rough, heft'ring fellow.
Dam. Why he sent me for you—He, with kicks o'th'
 crupper.
 Will make Pol dance—He'll gi'n salt eel to's supper.
Pan. Step you before—I'll but just pay my reck'ning
 And in a crack attend his worship's beck'ning.

[Exit *Dam.*

[*He throws some pieces on the table, and departing is met by*

M Y S I S, entering hastily.

Myf. O Pan! the devil to pay—both my sluts frantic!
 Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antick.
 Rivals forsooth!

Pan.

Pan. What, for a straggling goatherd!

Myf. For this fine piece of work—thanks to my dotard.

A I R XVIII. Sheelagh na Guiragh.

*Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counter-acted!
This way, or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.*

*Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame,
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance—but 'tis he pays the piper.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.

[Going.]

Pan. Soa, soa,—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce.
Midas is judge and jury.

A I R XIX. Tune, Planxty Johnston.

*When at your foe
A mortal blow
You aim,
Your scheme
Let him not know.
To gain your end
You must pretend,
Sincerely
And dearly,
To be his friend,
'Till he ceases of your love to be doubtful.*

Your

*Your game to play,
 The sailors say
 Look one, but row another way.
 The dean, to fish up
 Lawn sleeves, and be bishop
 Says no, to the mitre that would fill his wish up.
 And puffed
 Can counterfeit sleeping,
 When mousey
 Steals tip-a-toe creeping;
 Then winking,
 And blinking,
 She catches,
 Dispatches,
 And swallows him up at a mouthful.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Myf. Out on't, I'll act above-board—I'll ne'er flatter,
 Not I—I scorn it—tell me no such matter.

My gossips all would loth their tongues,
 To see me with my vengeance trifle.

Pan. Ay, but to pay him home those wrongs,
 Your transports you must stifle.

Myf. Stifle!—dye first! shall *Mysis* stoop to crawling!
 No—by my will—these hands should stretch him sprawling.

Pan. You do but put him on his guard by bawling.

A I R XX. Duett. Gavott in Overt. Otho.

*This rash frenzy
 Foils, not mends you.
 How you splutter!
 Check this clutter:
 Hush—don't utter
 Threats, or mutter.
 If he trips,
 Success attend ye
 Fair words butter
 No parsnips.*

Myf.

Myf. *Grow'ling spirit :
I can't bear it.
Can a mother,
Without pother
Her rage smother
When girls both are
By his wiles
Debauch'd or near it,
Can she cloath her
Face with smiles.*

Pan. *Spite loquacious
Makes joes cautious.*

Myf. *Mean submission
Meets derision.*

Pan. *Beldam froward !*

Myf. *Sneaking coward !*

Pan.
*In surprize
The triumph lies.*

Myf.
*I despise
Such low disguise.*

Ribornello.

<i>Nay let's trick him,</i>	} Together. {	<i>Zooks, I'll twinge him,</i>
<i>Sooth, then kick him.</i>		<i>I'll untinge him.</i>
<i>Wait,</i>		<i>Tumult, splutter,</i>
<i>Wait,</i>		<i>Coil, and clutter.</i>
<i>Wait, nor mutter.</i>		<i>Wait,</i>
<i>Ruin utter</i>		<i>Nor mutter.</i>
<i>Smooth, but pat</i>		<i>Strait, vile brat</i>
<i>Unaware shall stick him,</i>		<i>Shall crush, shall swing him.</i>
<i>And i' th' gutter</i>		<i>And i' th' gutter</i>
<i>Lay him flat.</i>		<i>Lay him flat.</i>

Dance of Satyrs, Fauns, and Dryads.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

An old grove, in the midst, the old oracular oak by itself, its boughs decorated with votive wreaths. Enter Sileno alone, a garland in his hand. He seems struck with religious horror at the gloomy solitude. During the symphony he advances timorously, and hangs his garland on a branch.

R E C I T. accompanied.

Sil. Hail, mystic oak!—zooks what a taking
Am I now in!—oh, how I shiver!
I'm in an ague—ha! the very shaking
Of the leaves, throws me all over int' a quaking,—
My wife! I'll ne'er forgive her——
I'm wet as in a river——
Ah! ha! there——what was't gave me a twitch?
It must have been a witch,
Or something diabolic.
Oh, 'tis a foolish frolic.

(Thunder and lightning——Sileno retires trembling to a corner of the stage, and there falls on his knees with hands uplifted.)

Duett. A I R I. To its own tune.

Sil. *Wond'rous timber, who can'st hear,*
 All our questions without ear.
Ora. *Without ear.*
Sil. *And make answer without tongue.*
Ora. *Without tongue.*
Sil. *Yet known never to be wrong.*
Ora. *Yet known never to be wrong.*
Sil. *Now awful Silence break,*
 And to the purpose speak.
Ora. *Speak.*

Sil.

- Sil. *Is my dame mov'd by the devil
That she can't to Pol be civil?*
- Ora. *To Pol be civil.*
- Sil. *Say, what means the shrewish fripp'ry
Dinn'g still that girls are slipp'ry?*
- Ora. *Girls are slipp'ry.*
- Sil. *Dupes shall we all by Pol be made.*
- Ora. *All by Pol be made.*
- Sil. *If I don't discard the lad.*
- Ora. *Don't discard the lad.*

A I R II. Newmarket.

Sil. *Oh fye, wooden Oracle, fye for shame
To let me go back as wise as I came.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E A Wood.

A wood, and lawn near Sileno's farm, flocks grazing at a distance,—a tender slow symphony. Enter Daphne, walks about melancholic and silent; at length lays herself down on a bank absorbed in meditation. Nyfa watching her.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Nyfa. *O ho! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps,
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,
Like her shadow, I'll follow and watch her:
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.*

A I R III. From tree to tree.

*To blast a rival's happiness
We ev'ry art employ:
And scarcely can our own success,
Convey a purer joy.*

C

A kind

*A kind of Victory we feel,
If she no triumph gain;
Deny'd a real bliss, we steal
False pleasure from her pain.*

R E C I T. partly accompanied.

(Daphne rises, and comes forward musing.)

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what thumping
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin.
Heigho!—heigho!—yet why
Mope thus and sigh?
Has not the fellow eyes as well as I?
Gad's heart o' grace I'll pluck up;
Throw myself in his way and pump him,
Appear less starch'd and stuck up.
Then let him guess my meaning by my mumping.

A I R IV. To a French tune, Quand on scait aimer et plair.

*He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er slept in leather shoe
And, what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Tho' my sister casts a Hawk's eye
I defy what she can do.
He o'er looked the little Doxy,
I'm the girl he means to woo.
He's as tight as, &c.*

*Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue,
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him;
If he's false,—I'll fit him too.
If he's false, &c.
He's as tight, &c. (End with the first strain.)*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Enter Pol.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said,
 He's at your shoulder—
 This wench was running in my head,
 And pop—behold her,
 Such fair occasions are not met with often,
 What if I touch the tender vein,
 And whine some melting, plaintive strain !
 Her heart to soften. *(kneels to her.)*

AIR V. When on the dear bosom lying.

*Lovely nymph assuage my anguish ;
 At your feet a tender swain
 Prays you will not let him languish,
 One kind look would ease his pain.*

*Did you know the lad who courts you
 He not long needs sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
 Scarce will meet his like again.*

Did you know, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daph. Sir ; you're such an oglio,
 Of perfection in folio,
 No damsel can resist you :
 Your face so attractive,
 Limbs so supple and active,
 That by this light,
 At the first sight,
 I could have run and kiss'd you.

A I R VI. The priest in his boots.

*If you can caper, as well as you modulate,
 With the addition of that pretty face,
 Pan, who was held by our shepherds a God o' late;
 Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.*

*His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,
 And his bag-pipe has so drowsy a drone,
 That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
 You may count on all the girls as your own.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pol. I ask but you—and yours I'll be for ever.

Daph. How can I trust?

Pol. You may, you must.

Daph. Vows are brittle,
 You'll prove fickle.

Pol. I'll die first.

Daph. 'That's clever.

Pol. D' you think I'll range :
 Against all change,

Your charms are my heart's armour.

Myf. (from within) Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

Pol. Death, what a time to call,
 Oh ! rot your old lungs of leather.

B'ye *Daph.*

Daph. B'ye *Pol.*

Pol. My charmer.

A I R VII. An Italian tune of Pescetti.

*Neatest,
 Compleatest
 And sweetest
 Dear Fubsy.*

This

*This is
A crisis,
When Myfis
Crofs snubs I
Could brave and stay;*

*Yet your
Food nature
Kind creature,
Her malice
Guessing,
Our blessing
Suppressing
Might gaul us,
Therefore away.*

(During the symphony, they take a tender leave and
part) [Exit. Pol.]

Nyfa bursts from her lurking place.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Nyf. Marry come up, forsooth,
Pit me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on?
And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?*

*Daph. Marry come up a gain.
Indeed! my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?*

Nyf. Ay, tho' a dozen.

A I R VIII. Bobbing Joan.

D U E T T O.

I.

*Daph. My minikin miss,—do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's dol?*

*Nyf. Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giants of Guild-ball?*

C 3

Daph.

Daph.

Pigmy elf

Nyf.

Colossus itself.

Both.

*You will lie 'till you're mouldy upon the shelf.**Pigmy elf, &c.*

II.

Daph. *You stump o' th' gutter you hop o' my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come,*Nyf. *You stalking steeple, you garwky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.*Daph. *Sour grapes,*Nyf. *Lead Apes,*Both. *I'll bumble your vanity, mistress Trapes.*

III.

Daph. *Miss your assurance*Nyf. *And miss, your high airs*Daph. *Is past all indurance*Nyf. *Are at their last pray'rs.*Daph. *No more of those freedoms, miss Nyfa, I beg,*Nyf. *Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.*Daph. } *Poor spite!*Nyf. } *Pride hurt!*Daph. } *Liver white!*Nyf. } *Rare sport!*Daph. } *Do, shew your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite.*Nyf. } *This baughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt,
Poor spite! &c.**Pride hurt, &c.*

[Exit Daph.

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Nyf. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
 I'm all bewitch'd, untwisted,
 Ah! Cupid, thou'rt a wizard
 Thy spells are not to be resisted.
 Alas, *Daphne*, has step'd before me!
 Envy and love, devour me.
 Pol doats upon her phiz hard
 'Tis that, 'tis that sticks in my gizzard.

Midas

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A I R IX. A French tune. Affis sur l'Herbette.

Going out, is met by M I D A S, entering.

Mid. Ay there's the curse—but she is old and sickly ;
And would my Nyfa grant the favour quickly,
Would

Would she yield now—I swear by the Old Harry
The moment madam's coffin'd—Her I'll marry.

A I R X. The Lottery.

*O what pleasures will abound
When my wife is laid in ground
O what pleasures, &c.—*

*Let earth cover her
We'll dance over her
When my wife's laid in the ground.
Let earth, &c.*

*Oh how happy should I be
Would little Nysa pig with me.
Oh how happy, &c.—*

*How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her
Would little Nysa pig with me.
How I'd mumble, &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff,
But think not, squire, this farce on
Me e'er shall pass;
At your base scheme I laugh,
Ere I fall to, the grace
Shall be pronounc'd by the parson.

Mid. Yet take my vows.—

Nys. I would not take your bond, sir,—

Mid. Half my estate—

Nys. No, nor the whole,—my fond sir.

A I R XI. A Pantomime Tune.

*Ne'er will I be left i' th' lurch,
Cease your bribes and wooing:
'Till I'm made a bride i' th' church
I'll keep man from doing.*

What

*What are riches
And soft speeches?
Baits and fetches,
To bewitch us:
When you've won us
And undone us,
Cloy'd you shun us
Frowning on us*

For our easy cooing.

*Can your palace, plate or coach,
Can your diamonds glitt'ring
Bridle the tongue of foul reproach?
Gibbers will be titt'ring.*

*Then poor stumbler,
How't must humble her
(If a fumbler
She lets mumble her)
When, in her bearing,
Whisp'ring, sneering,
Chatt'ring, swearing,
Hissing, tearing,
Gal'ry, box and pitt ring.*

[Exit.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo
Not thus our hoity toity mis
Will stick her arms a kimbo.

A I R XII. Lary Grogan.

*If into your hen-yard
The treacherous Reynard
Steals slyly, your poultry to ravage, to ravage.
With gun you attack him,
With beagles you track him,
All's fair to destroy the fell savage, fell savage.*

*So Pol, who comes picking
Up my tender chicken*

No

*No means do I scruple to banish, to banish ;
 With pow'r I'll o'erbear him,
 With fraud I'll ensnare him
 By hook, or by crook he shall vanish, shall vanish.*

Going out, he is met by

P A N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pan. So, squire, well met.—I flew to know your business.

Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol we must bring down on his knees.

Pan. That were a feat indeed!—a feat to brag on.

Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon.
 I'll make him skip—

Pan. As St. George did the dragon.

A I R XIII. Tune in Fortunatus.

Mid. Strip him,
 Whip him.
Let his shoulder feel your lash on't.
 Clip him,
 Rip him,
Folly now to be compassionate.
 If such a little dapper,
 Pert, saucy whippersnapper,
 Sileno's understrapper,
Silly.
 Simp'ring,
 Whimp'ring,
Of your dear Nyssa beguile ye—
 Sniv'ling,
 Driv'ling,
Will but disgrace and defile ye.
 Vigour,
 Rigour,

Hurry,

*Hurry,
Flurry,
Are the measures fittest for ye.
My plots private
You'll connive at ;
Thus we gain the point we drive at
Or by covert
Practices, or overt,*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE a Room in SILENO's House.

Daphne discovered at work.

Enter DAMETAS, who sees her not.

RECIT. Accompanied.

Dam. Heigho! my very heart will burst asunder,
What star malign was I born under!

A muckworm herd

To me preferr'd,

O blood and thunder!

[Sees Daph.]

Ha, Daph, alone!—To silence

I'm aw'd—The Devil's in it.

Have at her—Here goes—

Should she consent—who knows,

This may be the critical minute ;

For ever lost a while hence!

Egad, I'm all agog on't.

Seize Time by the forelock,

E'en make a hog, or a dog on't ;

The bolder push, the more luck.

RECITATIVE.

Daph. Who sent for you, you hoddy doddy?

Dam. (*aside.*) There, now, how cross!—(*to her*)

Nobody.

I came

I came o'myself, as usual,
The question to pop.

Daph. Get you gone, you milk-sop;
What, after my refusal!

Dam. Ah Daphne, you stop the breath o' me;
Huffey, you'll be the death o' me.
Ah, why, dear girl, why take up with that beggar,
And use your own Damœtas like a negger?

A I R XIV. Tune, Nanny of the Hill.

*Since first those eyes enslav'd my heart
In size I'm wasted half—
My looks betray my inward smart,
Ab cruel, cruel Daph.
Ab cruel! ab cruel! ab cruel, cruel Daph.
Inhuman maid, my sighs you scout,
My tears but make you laugh,
Yet at first sight, an upstart lout
Has nabb'd my fickle Daph.
Ab fickle! ab fickle! ab fickle, fickle Daph.
How can you on my courtship frown,
My wealth despise as chaff,
Yet suffer such a clumsy clown
To win and tickle Daph.
To win and tickle, to win and tickle Daph.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daph. You purse-proud bag of lies,
Who gave you leave my actions
Thus saucily to scrutinize
And load with base detractions?
Farther a field I weet you
Quick, bundle up your packet,
For fear this beggar meet you
And thrash your jacket.

A I R XV. A French tune. Tourlerette.

*Yes; your wealth I hold at nought,
Daphne's heart shall ne'er be bought;
Ne'er to church haste
Bastily purchas'd
By a rich ninny;
Who, to keep her chaste,
Would lock her up like his guinea.*

*In your pain my pleasure is,
Jealous dolt, I hate your pbiz,
Hissing gander
My Philander
Scorns your aspersion;
Pitiful slander
Renders you more my aversion.* [Exit.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Dam. (whistles.) Hey tofs! Sh'as paid me soundly!
A swinging rap o'th' knuckles.
Well, to these honey suckles
He's a meer oaf who truckles.
For miss the more he buckles
To, and will on ground lye,
The more curvetts and chuckles.*

A I R XVI. Farewel the Hills and Vallies.

*By whining
Pining
Sighing
Coquettes are never won,
But, fright'em
Spite'em
Slight'em
Into your arms they run.
A coward,
How hard
Toward*

His

*His foe it is to push !
 Restrain him
 Rein him
 Train him,
 He's mad on death to rush.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E Sileno's Garden.

Enter Sileno and Myfis.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sil. Why—is the devil in you, Gammer.
 Have I no refuge from your clamour?

Myf. Was ever wite so basely treated?
 So cross'd, so gaul'd, so fretted!
 O Gods! I shall run crazy
 Mad, mad!

Sil. No March-hare madder,
 Do, lambkin give it vent,—'twill ease you;
 And make your heart the gladder.

A I R XVII. When that I was a little tiny Boy.

*When gathering clouds obscure the sky
 With a crisp, crack,
 Flish and flash,
 The thunders rowl, and the lightnings fly;
 Then rain—and all is lullaby.
 So when a vixen's passions swell
 Tongue all ire,
 Eyes on fire,
 Bosom rent by fiends of bell,
 At length tears stream—and all is well.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Myf. Well!—I'll be even with that spark yet.
 Of fish a dainty kettle
 You have drest—you numscul beetle;
 You've brought your hogs to a fair market.

Sil.

Sil. Why!—I'm all i'th' dark yet.

Myf. Know then, thou peerless blockhead,
Your scoundrel, would he were choaked,

With his quips, and his quillets
And running his rigs

With both your daughters has intrigues

Nay here, read but these billets——

Sil. Psha! put them in your pocket

Did not the sacred oak,

Myf. I mock it——

Sil. Swear to me, on his conscience

That by *Pol's* means——

Myf. His means!—what nonsense!——

But I've a plot shall make you rue,

And keep the house too hot for you ;

Don't be surpriz'd, if on the sudden,

Your minion give the crow a pudding ;

Soon mounted in the air, if

You chance to see the cudden

A caper cut before the sheriff.

A I R XVIII. To an Italian Opera tune.

The wolf that slaughter'd finds her whelps,

With howlings fills the forest,

Their murderer tracks with shrillest yelps,

All food neglecting or rest.

So my revenge shall Pol pursue,

I'll closely watch his waters ;

'Till at the gallows tree he rue

The wrongs he did my daughters.

[Exit.

Enter (to Sil.) Pol.

Sil. Gad's bud, I dread her vengeance

An angry woman to destroy

What she hates, would employ

The devil, and all his engines.

[sees Pol.

Pol. here's a storm a brewing;
 Old *Pan*, and our *Myfis*
 Are hatching devices

To perpetrate your ruin.

Pol. Alas, what have I done—poor stranger!
 Won't you protect me, sir, from danger?

Sil. Tut, they shall find I ken 'em,
 And on themselves can turn their venom. [Exit.

Pol. Poor fools! how weak, how shallow
 Are all your plots against *Apollo*.
 'These clowns I pity—but my spleen 'twill pamper
Midas and *Pan* to hamper,

 Their projects to quash
 And their pride to abash,
 When all my rays burst on them with one flash.
 How I shall laugh, when huddled in a cluster,
 'They stare, gaping like stuck pigs at my lustre.

A I R XIX. When Fairies dance round on the grass.

*When fairies dance round on the grass
 And revel to night's awful noon,
 Each elf with his tight little lass
 Trips to the pale light of the moon.*

*If't chance that the grey dawn of day
 Peep in on their frolics too soon,
 In fright they all scuttle away,
 And follow the glimpse of the moon.*

(As he is going off, enter *Daphne* on one side, *Nysa* on the other, both run to him.)

RECITATIVE.

Daph. O *Pol!* the fat's all in the fire!

Nys. Such banging
 In store for us.

Daph. For you no less than hanging.

Pol. The devil there is!—what means this sad hanging?

Daph.

Daph. Fly, false deluder.

Nys. Quick, take leg, deceitful —

Pol. Take leg, and quit my girls! that were ungrateful.

A I R XX. To it's own tune.

My heart so o'er flow' th,

With love for you both,

That it cannot find room for fear,

Not the halter

Can alter

The passion that's rooted here.

Daphne and Nysa together.

Daph. I scorn and detest *Double love in one breast.*

Nys. Such love is a jest *In vain you protest.*

Daph. Such a love is not worth my care

Nys. For your vows are false as air.

Daph. Ay go dangle *I could mangle.*

Nys. } *Oh how I burn!* *Yes, to Tyburn,*

Pol. } *Don't suspect me,* *Or reject me.*

Daph. *What heart without shedding a tear,*

Nys. } *I'd escort you with pleasure, my dear,*

Pol. } *What gallows so bad as despair.*

Why won't you believe me,

Daph. *You want to deceive me.*

Nys. *Your falsehood shall ne'er again grieve me.*

Pol. *Take my word, and my oath,*

Daph. *You fool us* *Cajole us,*

Nys. *We'll shew you* *We know you*

Pol. *Believe me*

That at night I will satisfy both.

That at night I will satisfy both.

Daph. } *How, at night will you satisfy both?*

Nys. } *No, you never can satisfy both.*

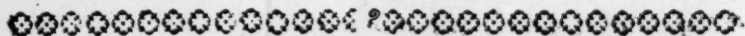
[*Exeunt severally.*]

Dance of Nymphs and Swains.

END OF THE SECOND A C T.

D 3

A C T



A C T III.

During the symphony, Mercury descends, and walks to and fro, tolling a bell, at intervals, as a public cryer; at the close, in broken air, he publishes the following advertisements.

A I R I.

Merc. O yes, O yes, O yes, this is to give notice.
 Lost, or mislaid
 Or stol'n, or stray'd,
 From the regions over head,
 Or reel'd down to earth, when maudlin,
 A finical
 Coxcombical
 Pert, smock-fac'd, young godling;
 He deals
 In spells,
 And fortunes tells,
 Goes snacks
 With quacks,
 And trades
 With jades,
 Prying
 Spying,
 Pratt'ling
 Tatt'ling
 Up stairs, down stairs ratt'ling
 His carotty locks
 As red as a fox;
 As a switch tall and thin
 Ne'er a rag to his skin,
 And answers to the name of Apollo.

Enter Pol.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pol. Hush, ribald cur, this bawling
 Unless, you wish a mawling!

Heavens.

Heavens, what a sink of slander your foul throat is!

Mer. Oh are you there, master *Apollo*?

My elbow itch'd; I guess'd at what would follow.

Pol. Sirrah, you are a rogue beneath my notice.

A I R II. Kiss me fast my mother's coming.

Fine times, when each little

Pimping, upstart court lick-spittle

Worth disgrac'd dares back and whittle.

Shafts of malice throwing.

See the game cock's crest with mud upon't;

Strait the dunghill breed grows proud upon't,

Each bare beak

It's spleen will wreak,

All clapping wings, and crowing.

RECITATIVE

Mer. Come come, let's buss, and friends.

Pol. Not 'till I curry your mungril hide.

Mer. Poo, let's shake hands, my hurry

Barr'd compliments.—Pray, pray, 'twas joke—I'm sorry.

Jove's in a raging fume, a pelting chafe!

Oh! 'tis such fun, would make even *Pluto* laugh!

Pol. Do, let me know't.—I long, for his late kindness.

To have him on the hip.

Merc. Hark then.—His highness,

Safe as he thought himself from your inquiries,

Struck upon assignation with Miss *Iris*:

Juno o'erheard it all——

Pol.———So had them track'd,

I do suppose, and caught them in the fact.

Merc. Ah, madam's an old hand:—she better judging,

Lock'd *Iris* up, and slipt into her lodging;

Lay snug—far'd well——ne'er cried roast meat, but
chuckled,

While old *Twangdillo* dubb'd himself a cuckold.

A I R

A I R III. Nancy Dawson.

*The Gods were all call'd in to see
How fond a husband Jove could be:
He storm'd; she laugh'd, yet, roguishly
Pretended to conceal it.*

*His fury rose to such a pitch,
He call'd her lewd, case-barden'd witch,
Swore, to his girls he'd stick like pitch,
And wench in open day-light.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pol. Oh I shall burst!—a pious resolution!
Means he to put it strait in execution?

Merc. Now, now; your pardon's sign'd; on double
wages

You're to light up, and run, your usual stages:
So mount your box, old geeho, I advise you

Resume your task diurnal,
He threatens t' advertise you
In every weekly Journal.

Pol. Well, I've a wench, or two—you understand
me——

And a drole counterplot some knaves to catch,
Which in a trice, I will dispatch,
And then he may command me.

A I R IV. D U E T T O.

Pol. *A monarch may bluff,
A senate may rage
In edicts too bluff,
In speeches so sage!
The minister glib
While he gives himself
Thinks how he may crib
For his private affairs.*

Merc.

Merc. *These fatal mistakes
Call aloud for redress;
Consider few rakes
Would their own ribs carest.
A wife in the dark
Only squanders her charms,
Who, 'stead of her spark,
Finds her spouse in her arms.*

Pol. *But I'll display
And soon set to rights
In open day
Such unfair bites.
Cuckolds then will know their friends,
And, in like coin may make amends.*

Merc. *When our great sir, shall
Once fix the mode,
Horns universal
Will spread abroad,
And cuckoo that word of fear,
Familiar grow to marry'd ear.*

Pol and Mercury together.

Pol. *But I'll display*

Merc. *When our great sir*

Pol. *And soon set to rights*

Merc. *Shall once fix the mode*

Pol. *In open day*

Merc. *Horns univer-*

Pol. *Such unfair bites*

Merc. *-sal will spread abroad*

Pol. *Cuckolds then will know their friends*

Merc. *And cuckoo that word of fear,*

Pol. *And, in like coin may make amends*

Merc. *Familiar grow, to marry'd ear.*

Mercury re-ascends, and Pol Exit.

S C E N E Midas's Parlour.

Midas, Mylis, and Pan, discovered in consultation over
a large bowl of punch, pipes and tobacco.

R E C E

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Come, *Pan*, your toast. —

Pan. Here goes, our noble Umpire.

Myf. And *Pol*'s defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.

Mid. Hang him, in every scheme that whelp has
cross'd us.

Myf. Sure he's the devil himself.

Pan. Or doctor Faustus.

Myf. Ah! Squire—-for *Pan* wou'd you but stoutly
lickle,

This *Pol* would soon be in a wretched pickle.

Pan. You reason right—

Mid. His toby I shall tickle.

Myf. Look, Squire, I've sold my butter, here it's
price is

At your command, do but this jobb for *Myfs*.

Count 'em.—Six guineas and an old jacobus.

Keep *Pan*, and shame that scape-grace *coram nobus*.

A I R V. Baaltiorough.

Mark what I say, you'll repent if
Conscience's qualms you attend to;
You a great shire's representative
And not one job for a friend do?
Rouze up, nor thus your grave noddle shake,
Fob off this tatterdemallion,
We'll stick to Pan, his party take,
For Pol's a paltry rascallion.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pan. (*aside*) The justice in quandary! —Gad, we have
him.—

Gammer, *Pol*'s pipe is out; brandy can't save him.

Mid. Goody, as 'tis your present,
I pocket this here fluff,

And, as for that there peasant,
Trust me, I'll work his buff.

At

At the musical struggle
 I'll bully and juggle,
 My award's
 Your sure card,
 Blood, he shall fly his country—that's enough.

A I R VI. To its own Tune.

*If in the courts your suit depend,
 Or a cause you'd fain do hurt in,
 Be sure you make the judge your friend
 By a tip behind the curtain.
 Then decree goes
 Plumb against your foes,
 Tho' before it seem'd uncertain.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Pan. Well said, my lad of wax—since you're so met-
 tled
 I'll have one tryal with this fop – that's settled.
 A word i' your ear—You'll find it no hard matter,
 When she's as lost Pol, to nab our crony's daughter.

A I R VII. Ligurum Cufs.

*As soon as her doating piece fairly is sped,
 Do you make your push, and a stout one ;
 For now she has got a sweetheart in her head,
 She'll never be easy without one ;
 Rever'd by the shepherds, caress'd by the nymphs,
 No dread or remorse shall come o'er us,
 At sessions, in spite of the law and its imps,
 We'll kick the whole country before us.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Ha ! ha ! sit down, and make an end o'th'
 tankard,
 I have no head for business till I've drank hard.

Pan.

Pan. Nor have my brains guts in them till they're
addle,

When I'm most rocky I best fit my saddle.

Myf. I always chuck a priming at the tap, or
A cogue of Nantzy, just to oil my clapper.

Mid. Well come, let's take one bouze, and roar a
catch,

Then part to our affairs. —

Pan. A match.

Myf. A match.

A I R VIII. A Catch. Cold and Raw.

Mid. Master Pol

And his toll-de-roll-loll,

I'll buffet away from our plain, fir;

Pan. And I'll assist

Your worship's fist

With all my might and main, fir;

Myf. And I'll have a thump,

Tho' he is so plump,

And makes such a woundy racket.

Mid. I'll bluff,

Pan. I'll rough,

Myf. I'll buff,

Mid. I'll cuff,

Omn. And I warrant we pepper his jacket.

Cho. I'll bluff, &c.

Mid. For all his cheats

And wenching feats

He shall rue on his knees 'em,

Or skip, by goles,

As high as Paul's,

Like ugly witch on besom;

Arraign'd he shall be

Of treason to me!

Pan. And I with my davy will back it;
I'll swear,

Mid. I'll snare,

Myf.

Myf. I'll tear.

Omn. O rare!

And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

Chor. I'll swear, I'll snare, &c.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E

Discovers Sileno and Damoetas in warm argument, on the lawn before Midas's house.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Sil. My *Daphne* a wife for thee! the squire's base Pandar!

To the plantations sooner would I send her.

Dam. Sir, your good wife approv'd my offers.

Sil. Name her not, Hag of Endor,
What knew she of thee but by thy coffers?

Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jackanapes,

By dint of congees and scrapes——

Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's.—

Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags—

Sil. Richer than thou with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

A I R X. D U E T T O.

If a rival thy character draw

In perfection he'll find out a flaw,

With black he will paint

Make a devil of a saint

And change to an Owl a Maccaw.

Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise

Who his friend's good advice will despise?

Who, when danger is nigh,

Throws his spectacles by

And blinks thro' a green girl's eyes?

E

Sil.

Sil. *You're an impudent pimp and a grub,*

Dam. *You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;*

Your betters you snub.

Sil. *Who will lend me a club,*

This insolent fellow to drub?

You're an impudent pimp and a grub,

Dam. *You're cajol'd by a beggarly scrub*

Sil. *Who will rot in a powdering tub,*

Dam. *Whom the prince of impostor's I dub;*

Sil. *A guinea for a club,*

Dam. *Your bald pate you'll rub*

Sil. *This muckworm to drub*

Dam. *When you find that your cub*

Sil. *Rub off, firrah, rub, firrah, rub.*

Dam. *Is debauch'd by a whip'd syllabub.*

Enter *Myfis* attended by *Daphne* and *Nysa*.

R E C I T A T I V E

Myf. *Soh!—you attend the tryal,—we shall drive hence*

Your vagabond—

Sil. *I smoke your foul contrivance.*

Daph. *Ah Ny, our fate depends upon this issue —*

Nys. *Daph.—for your sake, my claim I here forego.*

And with your Po, much joy I wish you.

Daph. *O, gemini, say'ft thou me so?*

Dear creature let me kiss you.

Nys. *Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.*

Daph. *Mama will storm,*

Nys. *What then, she can but whack us.*

A I R

A I R XI. Quintetto. *Viens que l'examine-a-*

Daph. *Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour
To disserve
From my favour
So sweet a swain!
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.*

Nys. *Father, hopes you gave her,
Don't deceive her;
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care,
Haste and save her
From black despair.*

Daph. *Think of his charming grace
His voice, shape, and face;*

Nys. *Hearts alarming;*

Daph. *Bosoms warming
With his soft lay:*

Nys. *He's so charming
Ah, let him stay.*

Both. *He's so charming, &c.*

Myf. *Sluts, are you lost to shame?*

Sil. *Wife, wife, be more tame.*

Myf. *This is madness!*

Sil. *Sober sadness!*

Myf. *I with gladness
Could see him swing,
For his badness,*

Sil. *'Tis no such thing.*

Dam. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*

Must, I, to him, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?

Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish,*

Daph. shall blandish.

Dam. *Will you reject my income
Herds and clinkum.*

Sil. *Rot and sink 'em*

Dam. *Midas must judge*

Myf. *And Pol must fly*

Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge,*

Myf. *You lye*

Dam. *You lye*

Myf.

Dam. } *You lye, you lye.*

Sil.

Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains*

Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear fountains.*

Nyf. *Pol is young and merry*

Daph. *Light and airy*

Sil. *As a fairy*

Nyf. *Pan is old and rusty*

Daph. *Stiff and fusty*

Sil. *Sour and musty*

Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*

Nyf. *No, no, no, no.*

Let Pan fall

Daph. *Ay, let him go,*

Nyf.

Daph. } *Ay, let him go.*

Sil.

Myf. *Must Pan resign, to this fop, his employment?*

Nyf. *Pan's drone is fit for wild rocks and bleak mountains*

Dam. *Must I to Pol, yield of Daph. the enjoyment?*

Daph. *Pol's lyre suits best our cool groves and clear fountains.*

Myf. *Ne'er while a tongue I brandish*

Daph. *Pol is young and merry*

Nyf. *Pan is old and rusty.*

Myf. *Fop outlandish*

Daph. *Light and airy*

Nyf. *Stiff and fusty*

Myf. *Daph shall blandish*

Daph. *As a fairy*

Nyf.

Nyf. *Sour, and crusty*
 Dam. *Will you reject my income?*
 Myf. *Herds and clincum*
 Nyf. *Never think e'm*
 Sil. *Rot and sink 'em*
 Daph. *Can you banish Pol?*
 Myf. *Midas must judge,*
 Nyf. *No, no.*
 Dam. *And Pol must fly*
 Daph. *Pray let Pan fall,*
 Sil. *Zounds, Pol shan't budge*
 Nyf. *Ay let him go*
 Myf. *You lye, you lye*
 Nyf. *Yes, he shall go*
 Daph. *Ay, let him go*
 Sil. *Blood, Pan shall go*
 Dam. *Poor Pan! poor I!*
 Myf. *You lye, you lye.*

Midas comes forth 'enrag'd, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Peace ho! is hell broke loose? what means this
 jawing?
 Under my very nose this clapper-clawing!

A I R XII. Kettle Bender.

What the devil's here to do
Ye logger heads, and gypsies?
Sirrah you, and buffey you
And each of you tipsey is.
But I'll sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.

CHORUS *All.*

*O Tremendous justice Midas,
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas.*

[All fall prostrate.]

*Mid. I'm given to understand that you're all in a pothor
here
Disputing whether Pol or Pan, shall play to you another
year.
Dare you think your clumsy lungs so proper to decide
as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?*

Cho. O Tremendous, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Soh! you allow it then—Ye mobbish rabble?

Enter Pol. and Pan, severally.

*Oh, here comes Pol, and Pan—now stint your gab-
ble.*

*Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squab-
ble.*

A I R XIII. To it's own tune.

Now I'm seated

I'll be treated,

Like the sopher on his throne;

In my presence

Scoundrel peasants,

Shall not call their souls their own.

My bebest is

He who best is.

Skill'd

*Skil'd be fix'd musician chief,
Ne'er the loser,
Shall shew his nose here
But be transported like a thief.*

Cho. O Tremendous, &c.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition.

Pan. I ask no better

Pol. ————— I am all submission.

Pan. Strike up, sweet Sir.

Pol. ————— Sir, I attend your leisure

Mid. Pan, take the lead.

Pan. ————— Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

A I R XIV.

*A pox of your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking a sharp or a flat;
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're flat, master Pol,
So here goes a set-to at Toll de roll loll.*

*When Beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after miss Will o' the Wisp the fools scamper,
Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuss for, but—Toll de roll, &c.*

*Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race,
All start in full cry to give dame Fortune chase;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss Luck is all;
And Luck's the best tune of life's Toll lol de roll.*

*I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old song;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the scene of Toll loll de rol lol.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age ;
How, hang dog, don't you blush to shew your visage ?

Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,

'Tis enough to dash one,

To hear the arbitrator,

In such unseemly fashion

One of the candidates bespatter

With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*]

A I R XV.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting

Ye danc'd on down away ;

When my soft vows repeating

At Daphne's feet I lay.

But, from her charms when sunder'd,

As Midas' frowns presage,

Each hour will seem an hundred,

Each day appear an age.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. Silence—this just decree all, at your peril ;
Obedient hear,—else I shall use you very ill.

The D E C R E E.

Pan shall remain.

Pol quit the plain.

Chorus, *Oh tremendous, &c.*

R E C I

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan——enthronè
him.——

No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him!—

*[The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join
in the chorus, whilst Midas crowns him with bays.]*

C H O R U S.

See triumphant sits the bard
Crown'd with bays, his due reward.
Exil'd Pol shall wander far,
Exil'd twang his faint guittar,
While, with ecchoing shouts of praise
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Mid. 'Tis well!—what keeps you here—you raga-
muffin?

Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing?

R E C I T. Accompanied.

Pol. Now, listen all—The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch——Thou'lt stretch'd thy utmost
tether,
Thou, and thy tools shall go to pot together.

A I R XVII. To various Tunes.

*Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music and king of Parnass:
Thy scurvy decree
For Pan, against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.*

Grand

Grand CHORUS.

Mid. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow bones we fall.

Mys. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow bones we fall.

Dam. Detected, baulk'd, and small,
On our marrow bones we fall.

Mys. Be merciful,

Alas, alas!

Dam. Be pitiful,

Alas, alas!

Mid. Forgive us, mighty Sol,

Alas, alas!

Pol. *Thou a Billingsgate quean,*

[to *Mys.*

Thou a pandar obscene

[to *Dam.*

With strumpets and bailiffs shall clasp.

Thou, driven from man

[to *Mid.*

Shalt wander with Pan,

He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.

Mid.

Mys.

Dam.

Alas! Alas!

Daph. Now my heart's cur'd of folly.

Nys. ——— Be jolly.

Sil. The Oracle's word

For millions should pass.

Mysis is well parted.

Daph. And the pimp carted,

Nys. Squire Midas converted

Into an ass, O the dull ass!

Daph. } All together, but

Sil. } to several airs,

Mys. } while Midas joins

Dam. } in chorus, bray-

Apollo. } ing like an ass.

Into an ass, laugh at the ass!

Into an ass, a real ass!

What a sad ass.

Alas, alas!

Be thou an ass.

Apol. Be thou squire—his estate

[to *Sil.*

To thee I translate.

To you his strong chests, wicked masks, [to *Daph.* & *Nysa.*

Live happy, while I,

Recall'd to the sky,

Make all the Gods laugh at Midas.

Apol.

M I D A S.

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<i>Apol.</i>	} <i>Together, to several airs.</i>	{	All the Gods laugh at Midas.		
					<i>[Ascends in the Sun.</i>
<i>Dam.</i>			Alas, Alas!	<i>[Exit.</i>	
<i>Mid.</i>			[Goes about braying like an afs]		
<i>Mys.</i>			What a sad pass—Ah, poor Midas.		
<i>Daph.</i>			Chang'd to an afs—Well bray'd, Midas.		
<i>Nys.</i>			Well bray'd Midas; manifest afs.		
<i>Sil.</i>			Laugh at the afs; laugh at the afs.		

G R A N D C H O R U S.

<i>Daph.</i>	} <i>Together, with the other nymphs and swains.</i>	{	To the bright God of day
<i>Sil.</i>			Let us dance, sing and play,
<i>Nys.</i>			Clap hands every lad with his lass.
<i>Daph.</i>			Now, criticks, lye snug,
			Not a hiss, groan, or shrug,
			Remember the fate of Midas,
			Midas,
			Remember the fate of Midas.

C H O R U S.

Now, criticks, lye snug, &c.

F I N I S.

*
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